*It is engendred in the eye,*
*With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:*
*In the cradle where it lies*
*Let vs all ring Fancies knell.*
Ile begin it.
*Ding, dong, bell.*
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
*Bass.* So may the outward showes be least themselues,
The world is still deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of euill. *In* religion
What damned error but some sober brow
vvill blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose harts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks
vvhich maketh such wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon supposed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head;
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,





Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
vvhich rather threatenst then dost promise ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere choose I, ioy be the consequence.
*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire,
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse
for feare *I* surfeit.
*Bas.* What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
seeme they in motion? Heere are seuerd lips
parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
should sunder such sweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden mesh tyntrap the harts of men
faster then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
and leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
the substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
in vnderprysing it, so farre this shadow
doth limpe behind the substance. Heeres the scroule,
the continent and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view*
*Chaunce as faire, and choose as true:*
*Since this fortune falls to you,*
*Be content, and seeke no new.*
*If you be well pleasd with this,*
*and hold your fortune for your blisse,*
*Turne you where your Lady is,*
*And claime her with a louing kis.*



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